

What Is This Feeling?

by TheTalin76

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Summary: How can the Master Chief cope with these strange feelings? Can a Spartan really feel? Set during First Strike.

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****TIME:DATE STAMP [[ERROR]] ANOMALY: Revised date****

****Estimated 0450, September 12, 2552, captured Covenant flagship
Ascendant Justice, Gettysburg ****Slipspace en route to
Eridanus system. Medical Facility Alpha, deck 35.****

The Master Chief's brow furrowed. _Why would Halsey make him decide? Would killing Johnson really be the answer? _His thoughts were interrupted as the Doctor spoke. "I'm sorry. Linda is almost prepped for surgery, and I have several things I must accomplish before then. You should go." The Chief would have listened to the Doctor but something in his gut told him to stay. " I don't think so Doctor."

"John I'm sure if she was awake Linda would appreciate your company but until then I must ask that you leave so I can concentrate." The Chief moved to the door.

"Doctor, don't let her die again." He left the room. John didn't know what had happened. He pondered while he walked towards the bridge. _I have never argued with the Doctor. Why now? I feel like I disobeyed a superior officer. Linda had always been there for me. From the first time she saved my hide during training, back on reach, to gamma station where she met her end. I guess I wanted to return the favour. _The bridge doors opened before the 2 meter tall human before closing again behind him. "Chief." Johnson said with a nod. The Spartan nodded his head back before looking out into the depths of slipspace. _I need to get my head together. _The Chief pondered the idea of talking to one of his fellow soldiers about his thoughts. The sergeant moved beside him. "Not much to look at." He said while a

cigar occupied his mouth. The Chief sighed. That was odd to the sergeant. Of all things he never thought of Spartans as humans, with emotions and thoughts. He felt ashamed for thinking that they were just tools of war. John opened his mouth "You ever believe in fate, Johnson?" John asked. Johnson looked up at Chief's visor seeing his own reflection.

After a moment of thought the sergeant replied "No, I don't Chief"

"Why's that?" The question came so fast Johnson thought he would have asked no matter what he said.

"Because I don't like the idea that someone else is in control of my life." The Master Chief pondered for a moment before Johnson spoke again. This time putting his hand on the Chief's shoulder.

"Whatever it is Chief remember you got people covering your back, and if you ever think you need help with a problem I'm sure anyone of them would gladly help you."

"Thank you, sergeant." The two meter tall giant replied before heading to the doors of the bridge.

"Even though I got your back, If you die I ain't picking up the pieces." The Chief chuckled before giving a last remark. "Same for you."

John headed to the deck that was reserved for the Spartans. He walked along the rows of bunks. Fred and Will sat on some crates playing with a deck of cards that they had found. Grace the explosives expert sat at the back of the room. For some reason the Chief was drawn to the seat next to her. Grace saw that the chief's movements were off. When he sat next to her she sat up straighter. They sat in silence for a few moments. He started the conversation.

"Grace, you ever worry about someone?" He glanced at her mirrored visor. "Even though you know they are already strong?" A pause.

"Are you talking about Linda?" She looked over to John.

"I can't help but worry, I know she is strong, but I just can't shake the feeling that she might not come back."

"Linda is a proud person and a outstanding Spartan, she will pull through."

"You think so?" All he received was a small nod. He let that sink in for a moment. John stood and strode to one of the bunks. He laid down, closing his eyes. He told Cortana when to wake him.

"Chief!" John woke flipped his bunk over towards the entrance to the room, drew his sidearm and flicked the safety. "Chief it's only me, Cortana." Shaking his head at his stupidity the Chief holstered his weapon, flipped the bunk and left the room, headed for deck 35. The other Spartans in the room looked at each other bewildered. What had gotten into the Chief?

"Linda will be out of surgery in a few moments. You sure seem worried about her."

"She is part of my team, I always worry about my team." He said before heading to the med-bay where the teams sniper was being held.

Cortana pondered this for a moment, John never worried this much about his team. She quickly dismissed the train of thought as Johnson wanted her on the bridge.

John walked in through the set of automatic doors. He saw the Doctors back to him leaning over a table. John walked forward prepared for the worst. He was pleasantly surprised when Linda wasn't covered in blood. She was laying back on the cot her eyes closed and full lips slightly parted. She had abnormally white skin like all the Spartans from staying in their armour. Her red hair was spread across the cot's head. John swore that this was the most beautiful thing he ever saw.

"The surgery is complete and she won't be waking up anytime soon, but she is alive." Halsey said, satisfaction in her voice. "Feel free to stay here, but I have other matters to attend to." The Doctor turned on her heel and walked out of the room. John leaned over Linda. She was so serene, so at peace. John felt like her could look at her forever. He took off the helmet that he felt obstructed his view. He could smell her now. She smelt like the smoke of a smouldering weapon. Something felt right about that. He looked up to her face. Her lips twitched and he moved in closer for a better look. If her eyes were open they would be staring each other down. He felt her soft breathing on his own lips. He closed his eyes. Slowly he moved forward.

Their lips connected and John felt a flurry of pent up emotion. He moved in a little harder. His unpractised lips were quite sloppy. He felt something then. He froze. Then her lips encased his bottom lip and she sucked ever so gently. He wrenched open his eyes to find her emerald eyes staring at his blue orbs. John stood up and turned away his face flushed red. "I'm sorry, I thought you were asleep."

"That's okay, John." As soon as John heard his name shivers went down his spine. He turned around and gave Linda a deep hug. Their armour rubbing together. "I thought I lost you."

"I thought I was lost." Linda pulled away from the hug but kept him in her grasp.

"What?" He asked when she didn't fully let go.

"Do that again." She said before leaning in. Closing their eyes their mouth met once again. They were new and inexperienced but they got the hang of it quite fast. John never felt so alive. He loved this feeling more than shooting a elite pointblank. He finally broke the kiss. He just had to ask the question. "What is this feeling?" He asked to no one in particular. He looked back at Linda and she surprised him with a answer. "It's love" She pulled him in again.

End
file.